DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

ONLY ONE WAY.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed taked courage,
Thought the emeny seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done:
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—*British Weekly.*

HER STORY.

By Jeannette H. Walworth.

The advertisment read: "Have you a story in your own life? Then write your story succinctly, clearly and effectively. Send it to the People's Pride and receive liberal compensation for it. We want stories of real life."

Perhaps thousands scanned that advertisment with idle curiosity, hundreds with a passing wish that they might dare, units with the determination to dare.

One woman lingered over it, read it a second time, a third, folded the paper containing it into a neat square and laid it on the table by which she was working.

Had she a story? Yes. Did she she need money! A bitter substitute for a laugh escaped her lips. She folded her delicate ringless hands over the coarse garment she was sewing on, and sent her sad eyes on a deliberate survey of the room, which gave evidence of having gradually been denuded of every superfluity.

The woman and the room had nothing in common between them. One was pathetic in her suggestions of elegant requirements; the other was bare to the point of ugliness. Suddenly she leaned across the table and drew writing material within reach.

What if the story she was half minded to write—her story, hers and his—should fall under his eyes? What a triumph for him! What added abasement for her! Could she voluntarily add this final drop of bitterness to her already full cup?

The last she had heard of him he was operating a big cattle ranch in Colorado. It was not likely that a ranchman would find much time for fiction reading. To every eye but his it would be pure fiction and nothing else. A look of resolute determination hardened her worn face. She would do it! Not a pleasant task, but if the bitter memories that strange advertisement had stirred into venomous activity were marketable she was going to market them. After the first plunge the story seemed to write itself.

Her pen moved rapidly.

"Of course it must be in the first person," she said boldly, writing the caption "My Story." Then:

"I was only seventeen, not yet come into that panoply of caution and suspicion which is necessary to womankind when entering the arena of fashionable life, as necessary as was the old-time warrior's coat of mail. As I have said, I was only seventeen when my aunt, a rich society woman of New York, offered to take me off my father's hands and introduce me into society. My father was a planter, a bookworm and a widower—not the best guide for a restless girl of a seventeen. He had, I suppose, written to this estranged sister about his growing perplexities, and I was handed over at her demand.

"I cannot say that I was anxious to go. I was happy enough as I was. The birds of the air were no freer than I. I had all the comforts I cared for: I had my flowers and my ponies and my numerous pets, in addition to all of which I had my lover. I was engaged to be married to Horace White. I could not recollect when I had not been engaged to him, but it had never occurred to us to name a day.

"Perhaps this idyllic state of affair's was what had aroused my dreaming father to a sense of parental obligation. At any rate I was sent on to my New York aunt.

"I was engaged to Horace White when I left home; I was engaged to Malcolm Ross when I went back. It was without any sense of triviality of wickedness that I transferred my allegiance, not even recognizing the inconvenience of being on with the new love before being off with the old.

"I think it all came of my being so suddenly transplanted from the dull monotony of my life with father on the old plantation to the bewildering gayety of my fashionable aunt's home. It was at her house at a crush reception that I first met Malcolm Ross. He was very handsome and past master in the arts of beguiling women. He devoted himself so completely to me that at the close of that first evening my poor, silly little head was in a whirl.

"I was accounted very pretty by my aunt's fashionable friends, and I was pretty. I can speak so now with impersonal frankness, for all my prettiness and sweetness belong to the dear dead past when I was a guileless girl on the old plantation home.

"Then Malcolm Ross came into my life, and the limpid waters ran turbidly. So long as he was by my side I was under a spell that I could not break. I think my aunt must have been but a careless chaperon. Childless herself, she had made no study of girl nature. She made remorseful acknowledgment later.

"Ah, well! What good did her remorse do then or does my bitter retrospection now? Remember, I am doing this for money.

"Horace White came to the station to meet me when I returned home. I started guiltly when the train slowed up, and I saw his dear eyes roving anxiously over each window as it passed in review. How they lighted up with gladness when he finally located me!

"I was come back to him. That was what his luminous smile said to me before he could reach me with his voice. Yes, I had come back to him, but how? I felt like a creature who had been supping on champagne and suddenly found herself confronted by the cooling heaven-sent waters of a pure fountain.

"I met him with a fair semblance of the old cordiality. Did he miss anything in my greeting? If he did he was too much of a man to whimper about it. He did not tarry with me long that first evening. He said it belonged of right to the home people. He would come again in the morning. Already my wicked heart was swinging back to its first love. How could I ever have put any man in his place, my Horace of the clear eye, of the true heart, of the clear soul?

"That night when I went to my room I removed the betrothal ring Malcolm Ross had put on my finger. It was like loosening myself from fetters. Had I really been hypnotized? Perhaps. But I knew my fickle heart at last. With every fiber of my being I loved Horace. I had never really loved any one else. I would write Malcolm as much, and he would write me a word of liberation and pardon, and then I would make full confession to Horace.

"My letter to Malcolm Ross was the truest letter I ever wrote. He answered it in person.

"He held me in a hot, unyielding embrace when we met. He laughed mockingly down into my frightened face as he asked me what child's nonsense I had been giving him.

"I flushed angrily under his malicious levity and told him more than my letter had. He released me almost as roughly as he had seized me. His handsome face turned livid with rage.

"So then it is a question of another man? Horace White, did I understand you to say? So fair a lady as Miss Helen Mandeville may well have lovers to choose from. We will talk of this later on.'

"He turned and walked out of the house. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for my freedom. I cried myself to sleep that night for very joy at my escape. You see, I was still an ignorant young fool.

"Two days later Malcolm Ross came back to me. There was an evil look on his handsome face and a strange glitter in his eyes, also a new gentleness in his voice. Later on I came to associate all these signs with his blackest moods.

"He seated himself by me on the sofa and addressed me as if no word of disagreement had ever passed between us. He took a paper from his pocket and laid it down on my lap. I was not to read it immediately, for be placed his hand over it. Then he put me through a severe catechism about Horace White. God knows what my silly tongue could have said to injure my beloved, but when Malcolm apparently had no more questions to ask he removed his hand and said:

"You have satisfied me that he is the man. Read that slip. I telegraphed home for my clerk to procure it. You can marry your fugitive from justice as soon as you please, but when he turns from the altar he will find handcuffs waiting for him. Not a pleasant post-nuptial possibility, is it? I believe you spoke of this Mr. Horace White as the only man you ever had truly loved or ever could?

"I hung my frightened head in abasement, but I managed to say audibly, 'I said it, and I meant it.'

"Yes? Well, then, I suppose that will have to stand as a pleasant little stumbling block to trip our marital steps, for you do not imagine for a moment I propose to be set aside like a tiresome boy. You will make your choice here and now, my love. You will either name an early date upon which you will become Mrs. Malcolm Ross or you will marry Horace White and take his conviction upon your own fair shoulders.'

"I named my wedding day—an early one. It was the price of safety to Horace. I was too bewildered to understand all the iniquity that paper charged him with, but my own lips had sealed his fate by admitting that he had been in New York city on the date charging him with absconding with money secured on a forged note.

"I was as powerless as a bird in the snare of the fowler. Six weeks after my return home I left it again as the wife of Malcolm Ross. I never saw Horace after the morning visit he paid me when I told him I was going to marry another man. I looked into his face for sign of the guilt with which he was charged. To have told him of my sacrifice would have been to nullify it. I gloried in my silly girl's heart to think I was enduring martyrdom for his sake.

"I tried to be a good wife to Malcolm, but he made it very hard. He had thought I was to be my aunt's heiress, she being childless. When at her death all the property reverted her husband's side of the house he threw off his last semblance of love or respect. Perhaps I was not entitled to either."

"We were miserably poor, and I had been reared in ignorance of every useful requirement. He settled down to the gambler's profession and I to the lot of neglected wife. He is dead now, and I thank God there are no children to inherit his vices or my weakness. Do I thank God? My life is utterly desolate, utterly without ties. At one time I thought of taking up the old home ties. But father is dead, and the old place has been cut up and sold for the benefit of the children who were minors when I married. I would not disturb them in their occupancy. They do not even remember me. I should only be a dark blot on any one's hearthstone."

"I have told my story. I shall coin it for bread—bread which I shall season with the bitterest tears I have shed for many a weary year."

Yes, she had told her story "succinctly, clearly effectively." She took it down to the office of the People's Pride herself. She gave it into the hands of the business manager, who told her, with an impersonal glance at her pale face, that it would be taken up in due course of business and their readers would pass upon it without any undue delay.

"Their readers" were to pass upon her broken life! Ah, well, that was what she had put it into black and white for. If only they would pass favorably! That was her one concern now.

It seemed an eternity before an envelope stamped with the office address of the People's Pride came to her hands. She tore open the envelope in fluttering haste. No check dropped out. Instead a typewritten note, curt and businesslike:

Madam—Your story, entitled "My Story" has sufficient dramatic interest to make it acceptable with a few emendations. Will you kindly call on the editor in chief of the People's Pride to receive some suggestions along that line?

Of course she would call. A gleam of hope warmed her chilled heart.

She was promptly passed from hand to hand until she stood in the awesome presence of the chief. The great man was sitting at a big cylinder desk imposingly littered with papers. She recorgnized her own story even as she reached his chair and before he had risen slowly to accost her gravely.

It was a crucial moment to her; her first experience of the majesty of the sanctum. Her eyes rested on the litter of papers; his rested on her. With no change of attitude he took up her manuscript and held it toward her with an unsteady hand.

"Helen, is this the way it all happened?"

Time had wrought some subtle changes in his appearance. His voice was unforgotten music to her ears. With a low cry of wonder and of longing, she made a step forward, then reeled dizzily.

Her first coherent words were, "I thought you were thousands of miles away on a ranch."

"For a little while, yes, I stayed out there long enough to conclude that a man who allows a woman's fickleness to slay all purposes in his life does not deserve to be called a man. But it was not fickleness if this is true."

She stretched pleading hands toward him. "No, oh, no! I was so young, so frightened, so silly! I did not know what to do, what to believe."

"You should never have believed that of me. Unfortunately the name I bear has been duplicated many times even within my own knowledge. I read about that case of forgery with some interest because a Horace White had done it, but I never credited that story with the wreck of all my hope."

"And now?"

She stood up before him, trembling. He put out his hand to detain her.

"You are free," he said "and I love you." He smiled on her with solemn tenderness. "You will have to add a sequel to your story, dearest, and call it 'Our story.'"

"No," she said. And into her smile crept the old-time archness. "My literary life is at an end. It is not fame that feeds a woman's hungry heart, my own; it is love. Oh, Horace, I hunger and I thirst for yours."

A New Rain Producer.

The latest Australian newspapers contain particulars of some experiments which are said to have been more or less successful of a novel method of producing a downfull of rain. The inventor makes this statement:

"I claim to produce rain by sending up continuously from three centers a column of gas made of certain chemicals. The gas, if sent up for a maximum of thirty-two hours, will produce rain over a range of ninety miles at any altitude, with any sky and with the wind from any quarter. I do not need to wait until the wind is from the usually rainy quarter. In one experiment I made the barometric conditions were quite unfavorable, yet I produced rain. The gas, you see, causes a vacuum. This vacuum is the center of a heat storm and is filled by dense clouds that contain rain. These clouds come down with the gravity of the earth when the rain descends.

"The rain is different from ordinary rain found in districts in which experiments nave been made. It is a tropical rain, coming from the very lofty regions, being slight at first and then later descending in heavy showers and bucketfuls. My operations have been conducted in an inclosure 12 feet by 8 feet. Though I cannot, of course, give away my secret, I may tell you that the chemicals have to be changed in accordance with the conditions."

Giant Clock-Making.

A dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune* from Milwaukee, Wis., says: "The greatest clock in the world, the dial of which will be 120 feet in diameter, is being built at Milwaukee for use at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition next year.

"Only the hands and machinery are being made here (Milwaukee), for the dial is to be a brilliant bed of flowers. The clock will be placed on the side of the hill north of the agricultural building. The minute hand will be sixty feet long, and the ring at the end, which will be fastened to the machinery, will be eight feet in diameter. The minute hand will move five feet every minute. The numerals marking the various hours will be fifteen feet in length and made of bright colored coleus.

"In a broad circle surrounding the dial will be twelve flower beds, one opposite each hour and each two feet wide and fifteen feet long. At night the timepiece will be illuminated with 2,000 incandescent lights."

A Pulse Controller.

Dr. Gartner, of Vienna, professor of experimental pathology, has invented an apparatus called a "pulse controller," intended to watch and register the action of the heart and pulse while the patient is under the influence of chloroform, cocaine or ether, says the *New York American and Journal*. The apparatus cousists of a watchlike box, to be attached to the patient's forearm.

The box has a graduated dial and hands, working according to the pulse and blood pressure vibrations, which are registered in an elastic spring in the most precise manner imaginable. The physician in attendance, or operator, respectively, is all the time kept informed of the exact degree of the unconscious person's pulse and heart action. The controller furthermore shows the action of pulses which the physicians finger cannot feel or find; it feels the pulse of every drop of blood circulating in the arm. The entire blood and heart action is precisely and continuously photographed on the dial.

A number of medical authorities were interviewed. All of them declared that the pulse controller would do away with the danger of death in narcosis, as it is able to give most timely warning of approaching heart failure—give it so early and state conditions so accurately that the attending doctors can take preventive measures betimes. Dr. Gartner himself said that he hoped patients and physicians alike would be benefitted by his invention.

"The first may now submit to operations without the haunting fear of going to sleep never to wake again," he said. "As to the doctors, they are rid of a great, absorbing care and can devote themselves more to surgical work. Remember, operations sometimes last for hours. It puts an awful additional strain on the superintending physician to watch the pulse all the time. Many operators have told me that the constant watch tired their brains more than the case itself."

Up to now one among every 2,000 chloroformed or cocained people has lost his life by heart failure, manual control of the heart and pulse functions and close observation of the pupils of the eyes failing at times.

Noted Armless Horseman.

The late W. B. Denny, known far and wide as the "Armless Horseman," long a resident of Washington, lost his arms by the premature discharge of a salute over the body of General George H. Thomas, says the New York *Times*. For many years he had a position in the war department, but a year ago he resigned to give his whole time to his horses. He was a cavalryman during the war and always had a great fondness for horses. He had owned and driven some of the finest singles and teams seen in Washington.

His courage and skill with mettlesome, highly bred animals was remarkable. He was a familiar figure on the streets of the capital and often drove and won on the race tracks of the District and adjourning states. His driving was marvelous, in that he seemed to accomplish his conquest of the worst horse by talking to him and so gaining his confidence. When he undertook to drive a stranger and spirited team or to break a young horse he first saw that every strap and buckle was at its proper place; then he placed one rein over his right shoulder and the other beneath his left arm, the two reins being made fast with a strong buckle turned under so that it was impossible to slip or come loose. With the stub of his arms he was able to guide the animals. The weight of his body against the reins brought the horses to a slow up if they got fast and fretful. Twisting his shoulders and body from side to side, seesawing the bits in the mouths until the horse were willing to quiet down and trot gently along, he was able to manage them.

Last spring some of the owners of fast steppers had a number of races at Brightwood Driving Park, Mr. Denny's late home, and he had a team entered in a trotting race. The young man who was to drive showed in the line up that Mr. Denny's team had a bad chance to win. Mr. Denny because irritated at the stupid horsemanship and, ordering the young fellow out of the sulky, jumped in, adjusted the reins in a twinkling and succeeded in getting a good position, winning the race easily. Many of the best horsemen in the District and a number from elsewhere were present, and all declared that they had never witnessed such a fine exhibition on any track.

FLINT, MICH.

The following is from the *Flint Daily Journal* of the 15th inst.

"The residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Boylan, 603 West Court Street, was last evening the scene of a farewell reception tendered Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt, who are soon to return to their old home in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were made the recipients of an elegant leather suit case as an expression of friendship and esteem from their former co-workers at the Michigan School for the Deaf and other friends. E. M. Bristol made the presentation speech. Mr. Pratt gave one of his familiar and charactertistic pantomimic recitations and Mrs. J. M. Stewart favored the audience with a graceful recitation of a hymn. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pratt will take with them to Ohio the good wishes of their many friends of this city. They expect to leave Flint in a week or ten days."

Several weeks ago. W. H. Wallace, of Bay Port, Saginaw county, clipped off the top of his left third finger with his razor while shaving. The bit of flesh fell to the floor but Mr. Wallace picksd it up, clapped it in place, applied a dressing, wrapped it up and went about his business. He recently unwrapped it and found it was healing beautifully, but that he had put the bit flesh in place wrong side to, and now he is bothered with an incipient finger nail growing on the inside of his finger.—*Flint Journal.*

Mr. Pratt resigned his position as instructor of shoemaking and harness-making at the Institution here last month, His successor has not yet appointed.

Supt. and Mrs F. D. Clarke and Mrs. Carroll are in North Carolina. They are expected back about Sept. 1st. Meanwhile the usual vacation work has been going on at the Institution. A new storage battery has been put in the basement of the dining-room annex, to utilize the force created by the electric dynamos during the day time in lighting the buildings at night. All machinery about the Institution are run by motors fed by the dynamos. The old industrial building and farms have been reshingled. New cement walks have been laid where needed, much painting has been done; and the Institution will open up bright and clean on September 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hubbard are summering at their cottage at Lakeside on Long Lake. Mr. T. L. Brown spent three days with them last week and reported that fishing was quite good.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stewart returned last Thursday from Traverse City. Mrs. S. has gone to visit with Miss Bessie Taylor, while Mr. S. goes to visit his mother at Almont for a week. After their return Mr. and Mrs. S. will remain in the city till school opens.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlington Eickhoff have been taking it easy in town all summer.

It is reported that Mr. Robert Erd has received an offer to become physical director in the Illinois Institution. His friends here hope that he will remain with them.

Mrs. Perkins, with her two little bright boys, visited her mother in Holly for two weeks recently.

Mrs. E. M. Bristol, recently returned from a two weeks' visit with her mother at Pontiac. While she was away, Mr. Bristol and Mr. Stewart went up camping and fishing in Buff Creek, below Alpena. The region was almost devoid of habitation, and it was with difficulty that they made their way to the creek, the old lumber roads being almost entirely obliterated. They were well rewarded for their efforts, however, by the catch of a number of fine brook trout, which they enjoyed to their hearts' content. They remained in camp about a week, and returned with several trout to treat their friends. Brook trout can be had only from clear and cold streams.

Messrs. Stewart, Bristol, Pratt, Kauffman and Charles spent a day pleasantly in fishing on beautiful Long Lake recently, and returned with a long string of fish.

C. W. Charles, of Columbus, Ohio, has been spending a month here, visiting with his wife and her parents on Ann Harbor Street. He expects to start home via Cleveland, next Friday, but Mrs. Charles will remain a while longer. Their child was christened in the Court Street M. E. Church yesterday, along with two other children.

William Gibney, after a long season of idleness, has at last secured work in one of Stewart's wagon-body factories.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Le Clear have broken up housekeeping for a while, at least. Mrs. Le Clear and Mrs. Lawrison have been visiting Mrs. Suell in Swartz Creek, and Mr. Le Clear left Friday on his bicycle to visit his parents, whom he has not seen for five years.

Mrs. C. P. Buchanan, who is assistant matron of the North Dakota School, is spending her vacation at home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman have remained home all summer, the former devoting some of his spare time, to photographic work, in which he has became an adept. A large album of specimens of his work, photographs of buildings and scenes around the Institution, will be on exhibition at the State Fair, at Pontiac, together with a display of work done by the pupils of the school.

Miss E. A. Davis, one of Michigan's bright girls, has come to visitt for a few weeks. She is at present guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kaffman on Arbor Street.

Arrangements have been completed for the erection of a new handsome court house and county jail, to cost $100,000, to replace the old buildings. They will be thoroughly modern in appointments and a credit to the thriving and prosperous County of Genesee, of which Flint is the capital.

Flint, Aug. 17. C.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

These services discontinued during July and August, and resumed Sunday, September 13th.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M. through the summer.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A REMARKABLE MAN.

From the Pittsburg Leader.

I have just finished an interview in which no word was spoken, an interview rich in results and fraught with the keenest interest to the people. It was an amazing experience for me, and one which I shall count among the most unique of my newspaper career, covering a period of almost twenty years, and embracing practically every avenue of journalistic quest.

The man whom I was assigned to interview neither speaks nor hears, and as I am not gifted in the sign language, I was somewhat puzzled to know how I was to get on with him. But I soon discovered that I was in the presence of an extraordinary man, and though I, perforce, had recourse to paper and pencil throughout the silent interview, I was so much interested that I repeatedly forgot my companion's affliction and spoke to him in my God-given voice. His mute, blank expression called me back to a realization of his condition, and I promptly scribbled my query on a paper pad and handed it to him to read.

His answer was a shock to me, a mystery to my eyes. Quietly taking the pad, and without turning it to him, as the ordinary man does in writing, he began to write. How? Upside down, of course. As I sat facing him I was able to read right along as he wrote, in the same way as if I myself had been inditing the answer. I rubbed my eyes in astonishment, and taking the pad in my own way, wrote the question.

"From whom did you learn to write upside down?"

The answer still upside down, came promptly: "I learned it from no one. Originated it. I could read upside down for a long time before I thought of attempting to write that way."

Another question developed that this remarkable man had acquired the ability to read a newspaper or a book upside down as rapidly as you and I read it right side up.

When the Sunday editor said to me: "Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., a deaf-mute clergyman, is at the Seventh Avenue hotel; go and interview him in the sign language." the idea stunned me for an instant, but I knew that a newspaper man, like a soldier, is expected to obey orders, so I asked:

"Have you any suggestion as to the subject of the interview?"

"Suggest to him that the adoption of a universal sign language might obviate a great deal of the annoyance and inconvenience which travelers in foreign countries experience from lack of linguistic knowledge."

So, when I found Rev. Mr. Mann, a middle-aged gentleman, scholarly courteous, pleasant, happy, I wrote him the suggestion, just as it had been given to me, and in response he wrote this answer:

"It seems that the only real universal language that has been in use from the beginning of humanity and has never changed is gesture, or sign language. The reason of its universality is that it is based on the imitative principle. Objects, actions, forms, motions are imitated. For instance, the act of writing is represented by moving an imaginary pen along the open palm, or in the air; the act, too, is imitated in pictures. The sign for drinking, understood everywhere, is made by holding an imaginary cup to the lips, the head thrown back. Travelers find the sign help them out in any foreign country. Of course there are many other imitative signs than those instanced, that are easily understood by their association with the object, or actions represented. But the volume of universal sign language is not as great as that of spoken words.

"The universal sign for God is a reverent pointing upward. So in making an exposition of the Scripture. 'God is love,' that sign is made first, then the sign for 'love' which is made by pressing an imaginary object to the heart. Of course more gestures are used in making clear to the 'silent congregation' the many ways in which the Divine love is manifested. A sign exposition presents pictorially, or ideographically, the same thoughts that were given by speech, or writing.

SIGN LANGUAGE'S ANTIQUITY.

"Universsl sign language, which helps one out wherever there is difference of speech, and supplies the lack of words, has been used by travelers since the beginning of humanity. It comes to one more naturally than speech; and seems to be the first means of expression of all. The little child points to an object it wants, and that before it has learned the name, or the word expressing the desire.

"There are instances in Scripture of the use of universal signs. Our Lord addressed the deaf man in this silent language. The story is found in the latter part of the seventh chapter of St. Mark's gospel. Evidently Christ knew, as teachers of the deaf know, that the signs of the hand are plainer to the eye of deaf-mutes than the signs, or motions, of the lips. St. Paul and St. and St. Peter used some signs, for they are said to have beckoned to the people to be silent. Other instances of the use of gestures in Scripture appear to the close reader.

"Signs language is used in large degree by deaf-mutes, as it is to them them best substitute for speech in the intercourse between themselves; but as we have seen, it is not exclusive property. It belongs to all people. It is a Divine provision to supplement speech.

"Signs make clear to deaf-mutes the meaning of words, and fill up their minds with knowledge. With this help the pupil is easily taught to read and write. The popular and mistaken impression is that a deaf-mute child is placed in school to be taught the sign language, whereas the child is taught reading, writing and all the other branches of study.

"Many signs are known by all now, but it would take some time to increase the volume of this silent language. Some arbitrary signs would have to be invented. But I do not believe that this language will be ever take the place of speech as long as the hearing faculty remains. The few simplest wants have been made known by signs.

"Involved thoughts cannot be expressed until the volume of signs has been increased.

"The Indian tribes use gesture language wherever difference in speech occurs, and the student notices that these all belong to imitative signs. Pictures, it is observed, are based on the same principle—imitation."

Replying to the questions when and where he was born, and an estimate of the total number of mutes in this country, Mr. Mann wrote:

"I was born in Indiana on December 16, 1841; and am of Virginia ancestry. At five years of age I became deaf by scarlet fever. I was educated at the Indiana Institution at Indianapolis. After my graduation, I taught for some time at the Michigan Institution. In 1875 I began the work of founding missions for deaf-mutes in the middlewestern states. I began the mission in Pittsburg in 1877. It has always been in Trinity church. It has 35 members. I visit it once every fifth or sixth Sunday; the other Sundays being given to Cleveland and Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit and other places. I have held services in upwards of 400 different parishes from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in Canada and Great Britain.

"There is one deaf-mute to 1,600 who hear; so I suppose there are 70,000 in the United States. There are 120 schools like Edgewood or Wilkinsburg, with an annual attendance of 12,000 pupils—about 1,200 are graduated or discharged yearly, fitted for intelligent, useful citizenship. The men enter the different industries and become as proficient and useful as persons blessed with hearing."

And so I thanked him for the pleasant half hour I had had and departed.

To-day Mr. Mann is to speak at St. Ann's Church for the deaf in New York City.

Philadelphia Excursion.

The Clerc Literary Association for the Deaf will have an excursion to Augustine Park, on Saturday, August 29th, 1903. We shall be very glad to have you go along and trust that you will be willing to help make it a success. Try and go, and take your friends. Round trip, 50 cents. Take Steamer Columbia, at Arch Street Wharf, 8.15 A. M. sharp. Get your ticket early. Tickets can be had from any of our Excursion Committee, at the Club Room on Sunday morning and Thursday evening.

CHAS M. PENNELL,
Chairman of the Excursion Committee,
2614 North Eleventh Street.

SOUTH HAVEN.

No place is lovelier than the country. The world do move, and it moves just as fast for the farmer as it does for any other class of people. The farmer of to-day is to be envied rather than pitied. Men of inventive genuis have provided efficient machinery for doing nearly every branch of farm work. The years have tended to increase the population of the country districts and consequently decrease the size of the farms. This makes close neighbors and adds to the sociability of the community. The telephone is in many houses, and is a medium for business and pleasure. Nearly everything needed to supply the table can be raised right at home. The fruit trees answered for shade trees, rhubarb and currant bushes bordered the walks. Currant and raspberry bushes grew close to the fences, grape vines covered the back porch and out bnildings. Truly the farmer is a mighty power, healthy happy and independent!

One day we went rambling out to the woods. By the pile of stumps we observed two large ants—the red and black. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs and it was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die!" No doubt they fought for as much as those of the battle of Bunker Hill. The red ant always pitted against the black—two red ones to one black. We have not found out which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war. We noticed the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying red and black.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes were in South Haven last week, on their way home to Chicago from Kalamazoo, where they visited their niece, Mrs. Benson, for several days. They reported that Mr. and Mrs. Benson are in good health. Mr. and Mrs. Bowes look ruddy and robust. Mr. Bowes is a wonderful wonder. He could say only one word and that word was "Oh!" The people here called him "Mr. Oh!!!"

Mr. Bowes was invited to visit about the pasture that was fenced in. He had only walked a little way when he saw a big bull trotting toward him. He knew it was of no use to run, as he is too old. As quick as he could he pulled up a handful of grass and held it out to the bull. The bull stopped, looked at him a moment, and then quietly ate the grass from his hand. We have had our feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing it.

At one time at table, by accident, the servant gave Mr. Bowes a cup of hot chocolate, with which he filled his mouth. He could not swallow, and clapping his hands upon his mouth the coffee spurted through his fingers like a fountain, over the table. He was crushed by bursts of laughter from all.

Mr. Frankel returned home to Chicago, last week, remarking with a sigh as she gazed at his watch, "Time is money." Mr. Frankel was an attractive fellow in South Haven. He was dressed in a new $30 suit. He was happy when he noticed for the first time that his moustache has grown so he could wet it when he drinks. One day he went to supper with a friend, by invitation. Conscious of his unpolished gait, he went to see the professor who teaches how to make a bow gracefully. As he approached the cottage, a bell made him fear that he had spoiled the supper by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, he blushed the deepest red, as his name was repeatedly announced by his fair friend who ushered him into the dining-room. At the first entrance he made his new-learned bow to a hired girl, instead of the landlady by mistake, and in bringing his left foot to the third position, he unfortunately trod upon the sore toe of an old hayseed, who had stood close at his heels. The hayseed shrieked, shutting one eye, and looked up at Old Sol. And an old cat by the chair sticking out her head, gave a howl and then a yowl, and hobbled off to bed. What a jolly time Mr. Frankel has had!

Our friend, Mr. Chester Charles Codman, of Chicago, spent a day in South Haven last week. He fell in love with this country, and stopped at the "Lee Park," with the Colbys. Upon his departure, Oh, my! in his haste, scarce thinking what he did, he whipped the pudding into his mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was hard to conceal his agony, as his eyes were starting from their sockets. The good farmer rushed for a piece of ice. We could feel our heart jumping like a cockroach on the lid of a hot apple pie. Then, with a smile, Mr. Codman paid his bill, and declared his beloved consort makes pudding at home which is always cool and delicious.

With highly inflated lungs and bruises, as souvenirs of their experience at South Haven, Prof. and Mrs. W. I. Tilton returned to Peoria, home of the latter, August 27th, stepping high and having sunburn that, like the smile, won't come off. The people here took Mr. Tilton for a magician. One evening he bowed to the crowd, and said: "Observe, friends, pray observe me, caerfully. You perceive I have neither cuffs or moustache to deceive." He then produced a piece of chalk—white, and said: "You observe this chalk is white. Well, now, I will write with it any color named by you." Some one shouted "Red," and some one: "Blue." Well, said the professor, "I will write the two," and he wrote: "Red and Blue," in white letters. Many hayseeds with their rakes were among the crowd.

Miss Ruth Zollinger, her mother and sister, of Chicago, were here for ten days, enjoyed the gentle breezes of the lake, and returned home on the "City of South Haven."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Molohon, are yet in South Haven, living in a tent by the beach. Mrs. Molohon does the cooking, and when it stormed before her bread was baked, she fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch her loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. Mr. Molohon went out fishing daily, and he caught lots of fish. Beneath a sky as blue and a sun as golden as those of their own Illinois, Mr. and Mrs. Molohon celebrated the first's natal day at their tent, August 9th. Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Colby, Mr. Codman and Misses Colby, were present and enjoyed the occasion.

A letter reached the Colbys in So. Haven announcing the marriage of Miss Lois Cleveland, eldest daughter of ex-Superintendent and Mrs. Walker, to Rev. Allen Jacobs, on Friday the fourteenth of August. They went to live in South Portsmouth, Rhode Island. Mrs. Jacobs was a teacher of the Minnesota School for the Deaf. Accept our congratulations.

A box on the shelf greatly excited "Chicago's" curiosity, the other day, and he went to examine what it could be. He pulled it forcibly. Lo! it tumbled down and unluckly pitched upon a cup of paint on the kitchen table under it. It streamed from an inlaid table to the floor, and he attempted to stop its progress with his handkerchief. He then, in excitement, wiped his face with that handkerchief, and covered all his features with streaks of paint in every direction. All joined in hearty laugh.

Ruth and Violet Colby are enjoying the best of health, and are revelling in the glorious scenery and sights so new to them. Mrs Colby met with an accident three weeks ago, but is on the road to recovery. The South Haven *Tribune*, of August 18th, had the following:

Mrs. Collins C. Colby, who has been very ill for several days past at "Lee Park," is improving rapidly under the care of Dr. Mater. On account of the rough weather on the lake, on her return from Chicago on the 6th inst., Mrs. Colby fell against the wall of the cabin of the steamer Kalamazoo and injured her head. In some way the wound was poisoned and was therefore more serious than it otherwise would have been. Mr. and Mrs. Colby wish to extend thanks to Mrs. F. B. Smith and Miss Lanagan, of Ravenswood, Ill., for the many acts of kindness done during her sickness."

"City of Kalamazoo" carried forty deaf-mute picnickers to this country for five hours, and brought them back to Chicago on "City of South Haven." The latter can carry more than 3,000 excursionists, and make them comfortable and happy, and she is certain to do a good business and "fill a long felt want" on the shore. No seasickness, most of them had to go through the ordeal.

Members of the Chicago Tennis Club are notified that the tournament will take place at the Washington Park on August 29th. Mr. A. I. Liebenstein is the present holder of the championship cup. Mr. Benj. Frank is president and Mr. Morton Sonneborn treasurer.

Under the management of Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Watson, the Ladies' Aid Society Picnic at Wooded Island, Jackson Park, on Saturday, August 15th, was dampened by an all day rain. About a dozen of them with two lady managers braved the rain and showed up as soon as the sun peeped out at high noon, but cunning Old Sol soon went into hiding again, and sent the poor people skedaddling for shelter in the "Iowa" Pavilion, where they had a merry picnic all to themselves under roof, and a fine time, too. The picnic is postponed until Labor Day, September 7th, at same place.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Fred. Stephens is lying dangerously low with typhoid fever, at the home of her parents on the West Side. She recently became a mother of a fine girl baby. Mrs. Stephens was voted as one of the prettiest ladies in Chicago and vicinity.

Mrs. J. J. Kleinhans is spending ten days' outing with her daughter, May, at "Lee Park."

Mr. Edwin Hughes, of Chicago, spent a pleasant week in South Haven.

Mr. R. E. L. Cook, of Little Rock, Ark., a young man of fine appearance, came along with the Pas-a-Pas Club excursion to South Haven. He returned home this week.

CHICAGO.

Miss Mary A. Lewis, of Albany, N. Y., who has been spending two weeks with Mrs. W. Gibbs, in Rochester, returned to Albany Monday of this week. She enjoyed her visit very much.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Harry J. Gill and family returned home last week from a months' stay at Blue Ridge Summit. They intended to stay longer, but Mr. Gill was called home to help his brother clear up some accumulating business. The family was greatly benefited by the trip judging from their robust appearances.

The Society will give a watermelon feast at their hall, Friday Eve, August 27th. W. McElroy is the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

Miss Annie Barry expects to leave this city to spend part of her vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy near Havre De Grace.

Sunday Eve, August 23d, Rev. D. E. Moylan christened the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rudolph at the M. E. Church, before a very large attendance. The child was named after its father.

Mr. George Gallion, of Harford County, arrived in town Saturday with his oldest daughter, who was suffering with a swollen cheek, and went to a doctor to be treated. She is now better and they expect to go home to-day.

H. S. Anderson, formerly of this city, but now residing in New York, is spending a few weeks with his parents. He expects to go to Virginia to stay till October and then go to New York.

While in this city attending the State Convention, Mrs. Mary Ritter, of Hampton, Va., hit upon a novel idea to help the Baltimore Society in a financial way. She collected a large number of cigars from the male attendants, and latterly sold them at auction, netting a good sum, which she gave to the treasurer of the Society. The Society at its last business meeting extended her a vote of thanks.

Aug. 24, '03. HARRY W.

MARYLAND.

The following report was read at the Convention of the Maryland State Association of the Deaf:

FREDERICK, MD., Aug. 1, 1903.

To the Maryland State Association of the Deaf:

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES—I have the honor to report as Treasurer of the William R. Barry Fund, that the amount collected to date placed in my hands, is..... $486 75
Interest on deposits..... 9 88

Total..... $496 63
Less cash paid for subscription books..... 21 00

Balance on hand..... $475 63

This amount, $475.63, is on deposit in the Citizen's Savings Bank, of Frederick, drawing interest at three per cent.

Respectfully submitted,
CHAS. W. ELY, *Treasurer.*

Tilden-Coxhead Design Selected

The Tiden-Coxhead design for a monument to the Second Oregon Volunteers was formally accepted by the committee having the matter in charge at a meeting held yesterday afternoon in the offices of Adjutant-General Gantenbein. Colonel Jackson, General Gantenbein and Major C. E. Mc Donell were designated as a committee to superintend the construction of the monument.

The memorial to the Second Oregon is to be erected in the center of the Plaza block, directly in front of the Courthouse. Work is to be commenced and the monument erected as rapidly as possible. The design selected by the commitee is the one that met the approval of most of the members when the different suggestions were obtained, about two months ago. It was accepted yesterday by a practically unanimous vote of the board.

The monument will be of granite, having a diameter of 22 feet, 6 inches at the base. The main shaft will be 22 feet in height, the base 3 feet, and the bronze figure 7 feet.

It is planned that the main shaft shall be five feet square at the base, with concaved faces, upon which will be inscribed the names of these members of the Second Oregon who died in the service. A dedication of the monument by the people of Oregon to the men of the regiment will also shown. There are 65 names to be placed upou the roll of the state's dead.

The bronze figure that will surmount the main shaft will be that of a soldier is action. It is a faithful picture of an American volunteer in the field. It is full of life and action, characteristic of the service in the Philippines.

The design accepted by the commitee is work of Ernest Coxhead, architect, and Douglas Tiden, sculptor. Mr. Tiden is a San Francisco man, and a sculptor of considerable note. A small model of monument as it will appear when erected in the Plaza block is in the possession of the board which made the ward, and if the monument carries out the idea as well as does the model, the display will be unusually effective.

The monument to the Second Oregon is to be erected by the people of Oregon. The expense of the monument will be between $14,000 and $15,000, the money having been raised by popular subscription.

ST. LOUIS.

Mr. J. O'Brien was injured recently in a collision of a trolley car with a locomotive at a crossing. The conductor of the car had gone forward and signaled the motorman to come on. It being a dark night and the tracks full of frieght cars, the engine was not seen until too late to avoid striking the car. Mr. O'Brien was a passenger and badly though not seriously injured by being thrown against the opposite seat.

Messrs. Phelps and Garrett, two college juniors tooking a flying visit to St. Louis, but unfortunately did not stay long enongh to visit their friends.

The next Public Opinion meeting will be held on Sept 4th. These meetings are always interesting and well attended. They are held at 1210 Locust St. Every one is very welcome.

Mr. J. Flory, formerly Republican condidate for Governor Missouri, will give an address to the local deaf on the 29th, with a view of inducing them to join the World's Fraternal Association, a lodge order, of which he is National President. The Association seems, on the whole, a fair one, and any questions asked will be answered by Mr. Flory. The meeting will be held in the Union Dairy Building.

The Gallaudet School, with the other public schools, will open on September 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright spent a couple of weeks in the country, taking their vacation with friends. They report an enjoyable time.

The Gallaudet Union will open its season of dances for the fall and winter with one on the 12th of next month. Particulars later.

The eldest son of Mr. G. Hunter sprung a surprise upon his parents by eloping to Edwardsville, Ill., and getting married. He and his bride succeeded in eluding the reporters and kept their marriage a secret for several weeks, until the groom announced it and secured the parental forgiveness and blessing.

S.

Quiet Wedding.

A wedding very much out of the ordinary took place this afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. D. Ohlemacher on Maple Street this afternoon. The contracting parties were Miss Ida Ohlemacher and Mr. W. Henry Zorn of Columbus, both deaf mutes. The ceremony was performed in the sign language by Dr. Joseph Clark, general secretary of the Ohio Sunday School association, who read the impressive Episcopal service aloud at the same time translating it into the sign language for the bride and groom.

Miss Lou Himberger played a wedding march and the couple advanced to the corner of the parlor and stood before a bank of yellow chrysanthemums and white field daisies. The bride was very simply attired in dotted white swiss, and carried a large bunch of white bridal roses.

Dr. Clark read the address to the assembled guests, remarking that it had been carefully read by the parties to be married. Then the various parts where the vows are exchanged were very impressive as the two young people turned toward each other and in the sign language plighted their troth so each other. The ring was placed on the bride's finger and they were pronounced man wife. The guests then advanced and silently grasped the hands of bride and groom and by looks instead of words expressed their well wishes.

Immediately after the ceremony the little four months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher was christened, Dr. Clark again using the sign language. The little one was as happy during the ceremony as if such things were its daily experience. Dr. Clark officiated at the wedding of the parents on May, 1902, the ceremony being exactly like that which preceded this christening.

Follow the christening a wedding dinner was served to about thirty-five guests. The young people will leave on the 6 o'clock electric car for Detroit and later will visit relatives in North Baltimore, after which they will establish their future home in Columbus.

Mr. Zorn holds a fine position as instructor in the Institution for Deaf-Mutes and Albert Ohlemacher is a director of exercises in the gymnasium of that institution.

The couple were recipients of many beautiful and useful presents. The out of town guests were: Mrs. Chas. Justice of North Baltimore, sister of the groom; William Zorn and wife and Mrs. Henry Zorn of Gibsonburg; William Zorn and wife and Louis Zorn and wife of Bogarts; Mrs. Holding of Cleveland; Otto Faust, Bellevue, Henry Horn and family, Monroeville; August Horn and family, Lyme, and Mrs. Nutt and Helen Barett of Columbus.—*Newark (Ohio) Herald, Aug. 19.*

Ernest Corbridge, a well-known deaf professional baseball sewer of the Shibe Manufacturing in this city and his brother sat on the seats in the National League Philadelphia Ball Park, five feet back of the bleachers, fell out of the left field into that Fifteenth Street, below Lehigh Avenue, last week, and Corbridge brothers escaped from this dangerous place where nine spectators died, and about three hundred were injured.

A Just Requirement.

In some countries a foreigner is not allowed to marry a native, without learning the language of the native, so as to be able to freely communicate with the family and people of the country.

This is a necessary and wholesome requirement. Without this there would be misunderstanding, annoyance, etc., without end. No one can dispute the wisdom of this requirement.

Therefore, why not the deaf parents of hearing children be equally as wise in requiring and insist upon the absolute necessity of those who aim to marry into their family, to fully learn the language of the deaf parents, before consenting to any one marrying into their life circle of existence, for the same wise reason that a nation requires of a foreigner.

A foreigner who would decline, or any way strive to get around this just requirement, would be considered an interloper and a dishonest person, and treated as such. So would one who declines, evades, or neglects to learn well the language of the parents of the intended life partner ere entering the marriage world.

A son-in-law or a daughter-in-law, who cannot or prefer not to post up in this home language will prove a drawback and even a curse in the course of time. Thousands of cases can be cited as proof of the cursed oversight or neglect of one or both of the parties.

It is absolutely necessary for all children to learn and speak the language of their parents—for all reasons under the sun. If so, why not the enforcement of this requirement upon all expected sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, for like reasons?

This requirement *double arms*, so to speak, the *hearing* side of the deaf family, for business, news and social ease of communication, and in case of sickness, trouble, etc.

If the language is too hard, or the outside party decline or prefer not to fully learn, then they should under no conditions ever enter the deaf family's circle. This is not only a mere moral obligation, but a stern duty they owe, as a key, so to speak, to the silent circle.

P. A. EMERY.

August, 1903.

Was an Unique Gathering.

Fifty-four deaf mutes met at Robison park, Sunday, Aug. 9, for a picnic of the regular, old-fashioned sort, and they had as fine a time as those who are so fortunate as to have the use of all their faculties. It was a basket dinner and they gathered in from all parts of the country, covering several countries. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Dickinson and daughter, Pearl, were among the number and it is from them we got this report of the most unique picnic ever held at the beautiful and popular resort.

The cause of the meeting being set for that especial day, was the 44th birthday anniversary of Sam Heilbronner, of Fort Wayne, who with many of the others present, had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Dickinson, when she was at institute of the deaf-mutes.

There were stories told, a fine basket picnic, and prizes given, as well as a good visit and a talk over old times. There was prize for the fleshiest woman, and Mrs. Dickinson came within a pound of getting that, being outweighed by Mrs. B. A. Richards, of Huntington. Mrs. Eugene McConnell, of Butler, DeKalb county, took the second prize for a cake of her making, a lady from Fort Wayne, whose name we failed to get, taking the first prize. The prize winners enjoyed the match better than the cake did. And yet the cake didn't get left. Not a bit of it!

Allison Rudisill, of Arcola, had his kodak with him and took their picture; first, as they sat at the big table, and again in a group.

There were a number of others who had been expected to attend, but for some reason did not.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Swander, of Richard; Miss Ida Dare, of Garrett; A Schann, of Butler, and a few others who were not reported. Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair for them, and they carried home pleasant memories of a day happily spent.—*Auburn, Ind., Courier.*

JOHN WESLEY.

In his sermon at All Angels' Chicago, on August 22d, the Rev. A. W. Maun showed from unquestionable history that the Rev. John Wesley, or Westley, generally regarded as the founder of Methodism, lived aud died a Priest of the Church of England, which is the same as the Episcopal Church. He was buried in his vestments, or clerical robes. He never ceased to profess himself a devoted son of the Church of England. He was a High Churchman, aud *methodical* in his use of the Prayer Book. From this circumstance he was called a methodist, which name stuck to his followers. His father was an Anglican Priest; so was his brother, Charles.

NEW YORK.

Summer Happenings in the Metropolis.

THE BROOKLYN CLUB.

Vacation Outings.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

After the Rochester Convention, Henry Kohlman accompanied Mr. Hodgson to Canada. They crossed Lake Ontario to Coburg and Port Hope, then took train for Peterboro, the largest inland city of Upper Canada. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Croft, of that city, who are the parents of Mr. William H. Croft, a boyhood companion of Mr. Hodgson. The latter accompanied by his wife, drove them to Lake Chemung, a summer resort, and while there they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, at their summer cottage, "Kaub-e-Yun"—the Indian name for the West Wind. They saw the largest lift in the world, which is capable of lifting the largest vessel sixty-five feet, from one level of the Trent Canal to another. The engineer, under whose supervision it was constructed, was a classmate of Mr. Hodgson at the Peterboro Collegiate Institute, named Richard D. Rodgers. They met many of Mr. Hodgson's boyhood friends of thirty-five years ago, and inspected the works of the Peterboro Canoe Association, the great Cereal Works, the extensive Edison Electric Works, the Cordage Manufactory, etc., each of which has a capitalization of over a million dollars. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Croft to their beautiful home on Roxboro Street, Toronto, and on the following day took the steamer to Lewiston, thence up the Niagara River to the Falls, *via* the Gorge Route, and after seeing the great cataract and surroundings from every point of view, left for Buffalo, from whence, after a good dinner at the Iroquois Hotel, they took an evening "flyer" for New York. They brought home a few souvenirs, as well as snapshots that will soon be ready for inspection.

Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, with Miss Slava Synder, of Cleveland, O., who is her guest at Port Chester, accompanied by Messrs. Gilbert Marshall and J. E. Taplin, were at the afternoon services in St. Ann's last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain preached a fine sermon. He announced special preparations for the observance of the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, which commemorates the healing of the deaf and dumb man, when Christ spake the word "Ephphatha"—that is, "Be opened." After next Sunday the Services begin at three in the afternoon. The program for Tuesday evenings, beginning on the first Tuesday in September and ending on the second Tuesday in June, 1904, will be conducted on much the same lines as last season.

Miss Bella Bensinger has gone to Poughkeepsie, and will stay there for two weeks or so. Last week she and her cousin went to see Mrs. Barnhart and Mr. Conklin, at the Gallaudet Home, at Camelot. They went to Mr. Conklin's shop, and he showed them how to make a swing. They thought he was wonderful, for he is blind. They missed the 4:30 P.M. train, so they had to wait for the 7:15 P.M. train to get to Poughkeepsie.

Mrs. Alice Collins is home again from her short stay at Rockaway Beach. Her two daughters, Katie and Nellie, have also returned. Mrs. Collins while in bathing unwillingly drank much salt water, and came near becoming food for the funny tribes that inhabit the ocean, but her ever watchful daughters, who were near her held on to her, and she was rescued all right.

Miss Margaret H. Jones is enjoying a month's vacation from her arduous vocation as a designer and etcher at Tiffany's Silver Manufactory in forest Hill, N. J. She has been to Saratoga, with Mrs. George Ogle. The last named is a sister of Miss Jones. The remaining two weeks of her vacation will be spent at Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea.

Mr. Harry Schnurmann is a very busy man even in these dog days. What's the wonder,—he's about to become a Benedict, and in consequence is busily engaged in figuring with his chum, Mr. Louis Gilbert, and in laying out plans for the forthcoming wedding ceremony.

Charles J. LeClercq threshed the water at Washington Point a few days ago, and was rewarded with a catch of ten fine bass. Charles knows where the Hudson River fish congregate, and is an expert with the rod and reel.

William Scott Bartlett Abrams has been doing work on the fence and approaches to St. Ann's Church with the paint brush. To see one of William's hand-painted picket fences is to enjoy a color scheme that is a dream.

Mr. William Greenbaum had a pleasaut (?) experience in tackling a horse which slipped and fell one day last week, and it savors more of the heroic, so he thinks, than in facing a regiment of pig-skin warriors. Bravo!

On August 16th, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Konzelman celebrated the birthday of their daughter Dorothy, who was four years old. Mrs. Henry Miller's son, who was one year old on the same day, was also celebrated.

Henry G. Stephens left the city for home in Bridgeport, Conn., last Monday. Next month we will give a short, but interesting sketch of this person, who is doubly afflicted—being both deaf and blind.

Miss V. B. Gallaudet, who has been spending the the summer months in Europe, left Austro-Hungary this week and has passage across the Atlantic booked for September 9th.

J. P. Donohue, who has been employed in Boston for the past ten or fifteen years, is back again at his old job with the Stoltz Casket Manufacturing Company in this city.

Messrs. Louis A. Ahmes and Walter Callahan are at present enjoying themselves at New London, L. I. Mr. Henry Gloistein will reinforce the colony on September 5th.

Mrs. Anthony Capelli is recovering from what was at first thought to be fatal illness, and it is hoped she will soon be able to go out of doors, and regain her former good health.

A baby-girl weighing ten pounds made its appearance in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Timberger, on Wednesday, August 12th. Both mother and babe are doing nicely.

Miss Dora Rose has been summering with her family at Spring Valley, N. Y., since the early part of July. They are expected to return about the first of September.

Nathan Cohen has the distinction of being the only geninue "sport" of the Lexington Juniors. He is the full spirited and acrobatic captain of the Basket Ball Team.

Morris Schoenfeld has gone to Lawrence, Mass., to work in a German printing office. He will set type on the New England *Staaten Volkszeitung*.

A deaf-mute, named Brown, hailing from Boston, is now employed as a tailor in this city. He came to this country from Europe, and has been in Boston for two years.

Mrs. Robertson and her sister, Miss May Stemple, of East Stroudsburg, Pa., are spending a few weeks in New York and Brooklyn.

Miss Emma Schiff will hie to Arverne, L. I., on September 1st, where she will spend a few days with her aunt, who is staying there.

The marriage of Miss Lina Mundorff to Mr. J. Morrison Darrell, Jr., to take place on Saturday, September 19th, is announced.

Marcus L. Kenner has filed an application for membership with the "Big Six" of the International Typographical Union.

Mr. David Mendelsohn has just returned from Saratoga, N. Y., where he spent a few days last week.

Miss Nettie Bleier is drinking deeply her much needed draughts of health, with zest and vigor, at Far Rockaway.

Misses Lottie Magee and Margaret Ryan, both of Troy, N. Y., are spending a couple of weeks in the Metropolis.

Miss Bertha Block has been confined to her home with a severe cold, for several days past.

Mr. Sam. Goldberg returned from Albany, N. Y., after a short stay there, last week.

THE BROOKLYN CLUB.

The pool tournament continues to be the attraction. Last Friday evening Mr. C. Sloan easily outplayed Mr. P. F. Redington. The score:

Sloan —7, 11, 6, 12, 11, 11, 9, 12, 11, 10—100
Redington—8, 4, 9, 3, 4, 4, 6, 3, 4, x— 45

Mr. Charles Sloan again leads in the sweepstakes pool tournment. He also won from Mr. Walter B. Taylor, as follows:

Sloan —10, 7, 2, 11, 4, 8, 6 14, 10, 6, 12, 10—100
Taylor— 5, 8, 13, 4, 11, 7, 9, 1, 5, 9, 3, 5— 80

Visitors are invited to the club.

This is the way the club is described by the president and secretary, who should know what they are talking about:

"Our rooms are commodious, cool, and comfortable. Our rooms are used by members for games, among which are whist, euchre, cribbage, checkers, chess and dominoes, and it is a pleasure to see our German friends interested in pinochle, and our contest of skill on the pool table will interest you."

The club was organized on January 20, 1902.

Four new members were admitted recently, namely, Messrs. Charles Sloan, E. Moeslein, G. Wrigley, and T. O'Hearn. Messrs. Frank Brown and Deurr are to be proposed for membership at the next meeting.

Muscial comedy that has been dominant on Broadway with ever increasing popularity for past seasons has had its day. Froth is not substantial or lasting. And the public—even that part of it whose tastes are temporarly satisfied by shallow, glittering trifles—have wearied of those once popular "musical" types. Even the publishers of the "popular" music who have been catering to popular tastes, have recognized the fact that the once uneducated public have been educated to better things, and the tastes that always demanded the refined and artistic in light opera, are clamoring more loudly than ever for a return to the higher level. That the very best of this form of entertainment is wanted by the majority of our theatre goers, the oldest operatic organization in America—an organzation that has done more in bringing American light opera to a high standard than all the ephemeral companies that ever existed. For the past quarter—century they have presented the ideal in comic opera. Messrs. Barnabee and McDonald—the most prominent exponents of comic opera in this country for twenty-five years—will again be at the head of the company. During Mr. Barnabee's career on the stage—dating back almost 50 years—his comedy has never been unclean or suggestive in the slightest degree. He is indeed the "Grand Old Man of Comic Opera." Mr. MacDonald, in the zenith of his career, now shows the fullest development of his art. Never has his voice been heard to better advantage. The cast this season has been selected with the care and matured judgment that has always characterized this company, and the result is an organization of artists that are seldom or never gathered to sing comic opera. The engagement will be for only three weeks at the Academy of Music, New York City, beginning Monday Aug. 24th, 1903 when they will produce the greatest America Opera ever written, the famous, "Robin Hood."

Acknowledging Your Deafness.

It is natural for self-respecting deaf-mutes to wish to palm themselves off as "just like other people" when alone in a crowded street or in a public place. They dislike to be compelled to put their index finger to their ear and shake their head when addressed to indicate their infirmity. Some, who consider themselves a degree higher in the scale of civilization by reason of their ability to articulate, decline to confess themselves deaf and make no signs at all, but simply speak out: "I cannot hear." This, as in several cases personally known to the writer, merely conveys to the person speaking the idea that the deaf-mute is simply hard of hearing, so he draws nearer and speaks in a higher tone.

There are instances where a deaf-mute has been talked to for a good while without the speaker being aware that he was deaf, as in the following anent Lord Macaulay, which I cull from the Chicago Sunday *Tribune* from the page devoted to "Editorials by the Laity."

"Macaulay is said to have "certified to the sound political "views and high intelligence of "a deaf-mute whom he had har- "angued for four hours on a rail- "way journey without discover- "ing his infirmity."

In Evansville one afternoon last Spring I was sitting on a chair in a steamboat peacefully contemplating the flowing waters of the Ohio. A man with a newspaper in his hand came to me, and after carefully unfolding it and pointing to a certain article began to read it. I interposed no objection. The article was one that particularly interested him, relating to an address made by one of the insanity experts of Indiana, in which he declared it was his belief that the only humane "treatment" for the incurably insane was to kill them by a painless death. After the man had finished reading he shook the paper in his hand and made vigorous comments. I merely put my finger to my ear and shook my head. The look of utter disgust in his face as he walked away was something worth seeing. He doubtless agreed with the expert in the application of his method to get rid of me.

J. E. G.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connerton, of Troy, N. Y., have moved to Geneva, N. Y., where Mr. Connerton, after seventeen years' employment at the Troy Stove Works, is working in a similar capacity.

Let us be patient, you and I;
Let us like watchful guardsmen, make
Our hearts a heaven for the sake
Of those that drift, they know not why.

Let us be patient. Let us keep
Our watch-fires faithful as God's stars,
Whatever storm or shadow mars
The breadth of life's uncertain deep.

Let us be patient. Let men trace
No frown, no insincerity,
In skies of ours, that all may see
God's presence in his child's calm face.

—*Frank Walcott.*

OHIO.

A Cleveland Visitor Welcome.

CASES OF DISTRESS.

Deaf-Mutes Wedded—Other Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

Mr. Christian Meyer, of Cleveland, has the happy knack of knowing how to entertain his friends and visitors to Cleveland, and does it without much ado, and in a manner to make one feel at home. Learning that Mr. Robert Patterson was to be in town Saturday evening last, he got together a large number of the silent deaf of the "Forest City" in his house, and gave orders to have the visitor brought to his home at a certain hour. This latter was delegated to Miss Mary C. Bierce, and she took him over about dusk. He had no other idea than that it was to be a mere social call, with no others present besides his escort and the Meyer family. But a surprise was in store for him. He had no sooner sat down after passing the conventionalities of the day, when the dining-room door suddenly opened, and in rushed a company of deaf friends and taking him by the hand, expressed their joy on meeting him. That Mr. Patterson was upset by the sudden turn of affairs is hardly necessary to state, and as equally delighted was he to meet them and talk over old times in which the evening was passed. Later the company was regaled with ice-cream and cakes. The party broke up at a late hour, and all who participated felt that it had been one of the best parties they had attended for a long time. Besides a number of hearing persons, the following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Christian Meyer, Mr. Robert Patterson, Miss Mary C. Bierce, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Cowley, Mr. and Mrs. Bard, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kleinhans, Mrs. Greene, of Toledo; Mrs. Gildersleeve, Mrs. Charlotte McClave, of Oberlin; Mrs. Neutzling, of Columbus; Mrs. Trask, Mrs. Carroll, Misses Luella Fowler, E. Fisch, Maud McClintock, Wallace Sickenka, Ida Weidenmier, Mary Heslig, and Messrs. Woolmington, Meyer, Oscar Stevens and Fred Williams. The occasion was also enlivened by the children of some of those present. They enjoyed themselves as much as the older ones in their childish ways during the evening, and by themthemselves formed a happy group. Here are their names: Florence Meyer, Evelyn Cowley, Floyd Whitmarch, Clarence Greene, Edison Neillie, Clarence Neillie, Willie J. Cowley and Frank Bard.

Mr. Meyer is kept busy these days in the erection of buildings. He works under a foreman who considers him to be a number one workman, and has nothing but good words for his skill as a mechanic. Mr. Meyer is also having erected a large house for himself near his former residence. Though pretty well situated financially he delights in work. All honor to him for this.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Huth and daughter, Rhoda, have been enjoying an outing at Chippewa Lake, a lovely place, some miles from Cleveland, on the 15th inst. They had intended to be at the Meyer party that evening, but a delayed train cut them out of that pleasure.

The writer was down in Dayton, Ohio, Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. Showalter. The Children's Home was visited and also the County Infirmary. At the former place a pitiable case presented itself in the person of Miss McFarland. When she left school here she was not of a bright mind. She was placed in the Children's Home, and there she has been kept since with no companion who could converse with her in signs, and thus her mind has become still more obtuse. Efforts have been and are still being made to have her transferred to the Home for the Deaf, where it is hoped a little sunshine may after a while find itself into her being.

At the County Infirmary we met three deaf wemen. One Mrs. Sarah Scott, *nee* Barton. Her husband is dead, leaving her with a daughter of fifteen or seventeen years old. Her mother resides in Dayton. Mrs. Scott has been in the Infirmary for six years, so the Superintendent says. One of the other cases is an uneducated woman, who seems to have a dread that some relatives intend to do her harm.

During our stay in Dayton we had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Charles Osburn, Bert Wortman, Charles Corey, Harry Augustus, Lewis and Misses Carrie Lingle, Eva Berger, Clara Runck and Bessie Defrees. We are glad to report that all are kept busy at work, and doing well.

Mr. William H. Zorn took the oath Wednesday and became a benedict. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, Miss Ida Augusta Ohlemacher, in Norwalk, Ohio. It was a quiet wedding, only a few of the intimate relatives of the families being present, among them Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher, of this city. The same minister, Rev. Dr. Clark, of this city, who married the latter two, performed the ceremony. Mr. Zorn is a graduate of the Institution, and also of Gallaudet, completing a full course there in 1890, since which time he has been a teacher in the school where he began his education. His bride also graduated here, and spent several years at Gallaudet College. Pretty and of a lovely disposition, he has made many friends. May their union be blessed with Heaven's choicest gifts is the wish of their friends.

The *Evening Press* of Tuesday had the following:

DEAF-MUTES WILL WED.

"Theo. Goodman, of this city, and Miss Rebecca Kaplan, of Cincinnati, will be married Sunday evening, August 23d, in Pythian armory in Elm Street, Cincinnati. Mr. Goodman and his bride-to-be are deaf-mutes, having been educated in the Columbus School for the Deaf. They will be married according to the ancient Hebrew custom. The hall will be decorated for the occasion with many Hebrew emblems which will lend a unique feature to the impressive service which will be closely modeled after the ancient Hebrew marriage customs."

BLIND TEACHERS WILL MARRY.

"Miss Josephine Boggs and James F. Foster, both teachers in the state school for blind, announce their engagement, the marriage to take place Thursday, August 27th. Mr. Foster is instructor in music, while the bride-elect was a teacher in the kindergarten department for the last 12 years, but tendered her resignation, which was accepted Monday evening. Mr. Foster is totally blind, while Miss Boggs is partially blind."

Miss Boggs is the daughter of Mrs. Ida Moore, Housekeeper in the deaf-mute Institution and sister of Miss Irene Boggs, one of the teachers there.

Messrs. R. P McGregor and Alfred Wood went up to Cedar Point Sunday to look in upon the deaf campers there. They found them all enjoying themselves, and the change proving beneficient to Mrs. A. H. Schory. Seventeen sat down to dinner and everything in the eating line was set out. Among others who joined were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, of Sandusky. Mr. McGregor returned home the same evening but Mr. Wood tarried till Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Augustus and children, of Dayton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hynes at Jeffersonsonville, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Stout, of Connellsville, Pa., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown, for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill joined an excursion given by the R. P. to Cascade Park in New Castle, Pa., where a picnic was held. While there they met Mr and Mrs. Feine and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Youngstown, Ohio. Mrs. Feine, *nee* Maggie Morris, was a schoolmate of Mrs. Sawhill and this was their first meeting since 1888, when the latter graduated from the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black left yesterday for Springfield, to be the guest overnight with Mr. and Mrs G. O Pitzer. To-day they leave for Jeffersonville to take part in a celebration, and Monday they will go to Guernsey County to visit Mrs. Black's parents and stay for a time.

Mr. John Evans, former trustee of the Institution and Chief Engineer of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, owing to ill health resigned the position recently. He and his family have moved to Columbus, and are residing on Franklin Avenue, between Washington and Paterson Avenues.

Mr. and Mrs Ira Garver, of Ashland, have been appointed Boys' Supervisor and Matron of the D floor. They arrived here last Saturday, and are taking lessons from Principal Patterson in signs, so as to become familiar with the language.

The trustees at their meeting Tuesday changed the opening date of school from the second Wednesday in September, to the first Wednesday after the 15th of the month. Heretofore the opening date followed immediately the week of the State Fair, which latter occasion involves considerable work to the house in the way of visitors. Also the weather the first two or three days in September is quite warm, and hence pupils will have little inclination to do active work.

Mrs. Louise K. Thompson is in the city for a few weeks, the guest of Mrs. Ella Zell, of Oak Street.

Mrs William Rose and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, of Grove City, were in this city this week, calling upon friends.

Mr. Elmer Sarber, of Canal Winchester, was in the city Sunday visiting friends, and also went over to Grove City, and was a caller at the "Maples."

Mrs. Charles Cory, Mrs. Eddie E. Holycross, of Dayton and Mrs. Berg, of Indianapolis, who has been visiting the Holycross family in Dayton for some time, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Schwartz on Sunday. Mr. Berg came to Dayton, Sunday, to visit his wife, and found her to be in Columbus.

Mr. B. O. Sprague was in the city over a day, this week, having been to Bellefontaine, where he attended the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Reade, who died of Bright's disease. A. B. G.

Aug. 22, '03.

IOWA.

There are some discussions going on among the deaf of Iowa about the propriety of removing the present school for the deaf to the central part of the state and erecting new and modern buildings for the school.

Superintendent H. W. Rothert, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, has made his biennal report to the Board of Control. In it he again recommends compulsory education for the deaf. He asks for an appropriation of $175,000 for new buildings for the school since the great fire of May 1902. He advises the erection of a two-story fire-proof buildings detached from each other, an administration building, boys and girls dormitories, cottages for small pupils, hospital, dining-room and kitchen, and a combined chapel and library.

The Superintendent of the Insane Hospital at Cherokee also made his report. He recommends a separate institution for inebriates, as he had about one hundred and fifty patients, as the new law of Iowa compels habitual inebriates to be sent to the insane asylum for treatment. He asks for an appropriation for this purpose. The legislature cannot make both appropriations at the same time. It will be cheaper to use the money asked for by Mr. Rothert to erect new buildings for the school, and turning the present buildings at Council Bluffs over to the inebriates. The hospital at Cherokee is a fine one costing about $500,000 to erect and furnish.

We would advise all the mutes of the State to join together and petition the next legislature to pass the above measure. We would also advise them to see their senators and representatives at their homes and urge them to do so before the meeting of the legislature next January. In case the removal is made and new buildings are erected in the central part of the State for the school, then there will not be any necessity for the agitation for another school in the eastern part of the State.

SNAKE IN A MOUSE TRAP.

Mrs. French keeps a small patented mouse trap in her pantry. She has caught many mice since she put it in. A few evenings ago she went to look at her trap before retiring for the night. What was her horror to see a small long snake wriggling around the trap. She was scared and called her husband, explaining that there was a snake in the pantry. On going to look at it, he found a long small spotted snake about twenty inches long, caught by the neck in the patented mouse trap. He swept it out and chopped its head off. Now, it is a wonder how the little snake got into the house and into the pantry.

SNEEZED HIS HEARING BACK.

A large boy over in Oshkosh, Wis, was dragged out of his wagon by the team and dragged along by the team and dragged along the road in such a manner that his head was bruised and he lost his hearing and speech at the same time. For two years he had to carry on conversations with pencil and paper. A few evenings ago he sneezed and kept sneezing several times. At last he exclaimed, "it is awful," and heard himself pronounce the word "awful." So he had sneezed his hearing back, but his speech is rough, yet he expects to improve by practice.

MISS SARAH LOVETT IS INSANE.

Miss Sarah Lovett, who attended the Iowa School for the Deaf, and the Eastern Iowa School for the Deaf, has become somewhat deranged in mind and disposition by ill treatment at home since the death of her father. Last winter she was placed in the Catholic Insane Hospital in Dubuque for treatment. She was soon returned home, but was again placed there by her mother, where she remained for several months. It is a great pity for such a nice lady to become insane. Many readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in Iowa remember her, as well as her teachers at school.

Some deaf-mutes of this city talked about, and thought that five mutes were drowned in Des Moines during the recent flood, after reading the account in one of the papers for the deaf from the Des Moines correspondent. We explained to them that they were not drowned, but drowned out—*i.e.*, driven out of their homes by the flood. This surprised them at their own misunderstanding.

Anna Ott's (now Mrs. Courtney Garvey) parents live on a large farm a mile around the corner from our place. Trey have large patches of delicious berries. Anna lives in the home town of ex-Governor William Larbee.

One evening recently Mrs. French and ourself met Mr. and Mrs. John Maresh on she road towards Mr. Ott's place. Mrs. Maresh is deaf, but can read and write, and also talk by the lips both in English and German She lost her hearing in her youth after leaving the Catholic school. She married a hearing man for the reason that she could not get any other one late as it was in life. She is happy and enjoys life well. One of her brothers is manager of the Grand Opera House here.

One Sunday lately Mr. Gus. Levi went on the great excursion boat J. S. to Clinton, Iowa. At Sabula down the river he met Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bryant, from Miles. He also met Mr. Faulkner, of Bellevue. All had a nice time sightseeing, street car riding, etc. Gus says Clinton is a fine city with broad streets and nice buildings. He reached home on the return trip at midnight, and enjoyed the trip hugely.

Faith in His Dream Restored His Hearing.

DEAF MAN WENT TO A DOCTOR AND INSISTED UPON AN OPERATION WHICH THE MAN OF SCIENCE TRIED TO RIDICULE.

ELKHART, IND., Aug. 22.—A remarkable case came to light when Valentine Marx, a farmer, residing five miles west of Elkhart, came to town and greeted his many friends in an ordinary tone of voice, something he had not been able to do for over four years, as he suddenly lost the power to speak above a whisper on June 4, 1890.

He explained the sudden restoration of his voice by the fact that he had been bled by a practitioner of Mishawaka, and further that he had been led to submit to the operation by a dream he had two weeks before.

His dream told him that a bleeding would restore his voice and he acted upon the idea, with satisfactory results. So vivid were the details of the dream that he was greatly impressed with it and determined to try the experiment. He accordingly went to Dr. Greene and stated his errand. The doctor ridiculed the idea and at first refused to perform the operation, but Marx insisted and at last the surgeon acquiesced, though assuring Marx that he had little blood to lose.

The incision was made in the right arm, just above the elbow, and at first the blood flowed slowly being a dark-colored fluid, which the doctor flippantly declared was "not blood, but mud." Finally, after about a pint had slowly dripped from the wound, the arterial fluid appeared and Marx told him to close the wound, which was done. Antiseptically treating the wound the doctor sent Marx home with the injunction to take care not to catch cold, and this he did, not attempting to leave his farm until to-day.

Marx's voice is as loud now as any person usually speaks in conversation, much more than he was capable of speaking before the operation.

He was wounded in the battle of Stone River, being a member of Company I, Ninth Indiana, and still carries the ball in his right lung. He says he has been told by physicians that possibly the ball struck a nerve that affected his voice, and he was temporarily speechless fifteen years ago, his voice leaving suddenly and as suddenly returning, but in this instance he lays his relief to his following the suggestion of his vision. —*New York American and Journal.*

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

AUGUST.

23—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
10:45 A.M., St. John's, Lowell.
3:00 P.M., Grace, Lawrence.
6:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.
30—7:30 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

SEPTEMBER.

6—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.
3:00 P.M., Good Shepherd, Nashua, N. H.
13—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston, (Holy Communion.)
2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, (Holy Communion.)
15—8:00 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.
18—7:45 P.M., St. James', Amesbury.
20—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
7:30 P.M., St. Peter, Beverly.
27—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
10:45 A.M., St. John's, Lowell.
3:00 P.M., Grace, Lawrence.
6:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.
4:00 P.M., Grace, Manchester, N. H.

In conducting the above services, I have the assistance of Lay Readers, Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee and Mr. Albert S. Tufts.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

From the July Report of Archdeacon Abbott, of the Diocese of Ohio:—"July 19. Sunday. Upper Sandusky. There was morning prayer, sermon, and Holy Communion, two persons receiving, and evening prayer at four o'clock. Among the worshippers at both the morning and evening services were two young deaf-mutes, who were present at the service, which I held with the Rev. Mr. Mann, our missionary to the deaf-mutes, at Upper Sandusky in June. One of these young men belongs to a family of twenty-one children, one father, hale and hearty, and two mothers."

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

A monthly publication, relating to physical culture, called *Vim*, of August, contained an account of the progress of gymnasium work among the pupils. It contained half-tone cuts of the battalion drill and basket ball team of 1902. The heading of the article appears to be of an euphonious nature, running "A Message of Inspiration from the Realms of Silence."

The stairways connecting the class-roam entrances from the main to the Academic building have been removed. A new modern fire-proof stairway will be placed instead before the re-opening of school in the fall.

The Trades' School building has been for the past few weeks undergone a thorough cleaning. The gymnasium has been painted but the arrangement of apparatus yet remains to be done. The printing office was also cleaned and painted.

Amateur photography is becoming a fad at Fanwood. Cadets Cohen, Goldstein and Tanzas, being the amateurs. Their initiation was begun by the spoiling nearly a dozen dry plates by these inexperienced amateurs. The camera was loaned free of charge by a former schoolmates, with the understanding that we should purchase the supplies with our own money. They photograph nearly everything that meets their gaze.

Mrs. Smiley, matron of the school for the Deaf, at Rome, Italy, being on her vacation, paid a visit to this school, on Saturday, and was shown around.

Mrs. George S. Porter, accompanied by her husband, mother and daughter, paid a visit to Fanwood, Monday Afternoon. She was a former art teacher at Fanwood, assistant to Mrs. LePrince. Before departing, she took a photograph of the girls who remain here.

One entering the hall of the office glancing around would discern a hole in the top of the wall The looker on would think a storm has worked havoc here, but it is only being made to make way for the hallway to connect the main with the "New Mansion House" building.

The old portico at the north and south sides of the Academic building has been removed, and a mass of debris marks the spot where it formerly stood. A new iron stairway will be made, having exits and entrances on all floors.

Our instructor in horticulture, Mr. Philip Bonner, spent Friday, two weeks ago, at the fishing banks off the coast Sandy Hook. He brought home a fine mess of fish, consisting of sea bass, flounders, etc., numbering in all about sixty fish.

Harry Cornell, Mrs. Currier's former butler, called at this Institution, Saturday last. The rumor that he was run over by a train in an attempt to steal a ride to New Jersey was found to be true. His foot was amputated several inches above the ankle, and he hobbles about on two crutches.

Cadets Cohen and Goldstein spent last Saturday in a row-boat rowing across the Hudson River to the New Jersey shore opposite. Swimming was enjoyed by both. They were photographed, but the negatives were ruined by the inexperienced hands of an amateur. On reaching the Jersey shore, a feast was spread before them. They arrived at the New York side safely, without a mishap, greatly refreshed by the exercise.

Our night supervisor, Mr. William Davis, returned from his vacation to resume his duties. He spent most of the time Canada, preferring it to the tropic summer heat of our own country.

Mrs. Ella Turner, her daughter, Dorothy, and Mrs. Burdette Smith, *nee* Mary Braufuhr, her son, and Martha Jaycox, paid Miss Agnes Craig a visit last Friday afternoon.

Miss Alice E. Judge returned from her sojourn at Sea Cliff, L. I. Her features were sunburnt, for she spent nearly all the time basking in the sun there. Her favourite pastimes were swimming and driving. She resorted to physical culture to reduce her weight, but to her dismay on arriving here she found she had increased seven pounds more in weight.

Mr. Curtis Wilcox, our steward, has vacated his office, so that it may be thoroughly cleaned and painted. At present, the painters are busily engaged on the walls and ceiling.

Samuel Goldstein was the guest of Julius Byck, a former schoolmate of his, for one day, last week at Stapleton, S. I.

Our assistant nurse, Miss Lillian Hampson, has resigned, to accept a similar position in a hospital.

Several days ago, Miss Ida S. Bucher was greatly overjoyed by the presence of her old school chum, Miss Flora Brown.

Mr. W. L. Hanson, night supervisor, left for his vacation several weeks ago.

Mr. W. H. Rose was a Saturday afternoon caller. S. C.

Everything may be retrieved except despair.

AWAY FROM HOME.

(*Written for the* JOURNAL.)

The midnight express which left New York Saturday evening was still running at 5:50 the next morning, but five minutes later a change of cars was made and ye scribe was indeed flying on the Exposition City Flyer through the picturesque Mohawk Valley on to Rochester. Rounding the Nose was about the most beautiful part of the route and the Erie Canal, with its hundred or so two-horse teams towing along huge canal boats, was the most interesting. In succession the Flyer flew past city after city, only stopping at Utica and Syracuse. At Syracuse the vast salt fields were a study. Water is drawn in miniature lakes and these are allowed to drain gradually leaving a crust of salt, which is gathered as it is dried by the sun and which my readers use on their beefsteak and potatoes.

At Rochester, where I arrived weary after my twelve hour's continuous ride (a Pullman berth being unprocurable at the last minute) I dragged myself and suit case to the street. Here I saw a young man with a silk convention badge on the lapel of his coat and I tapped him gently. He proved to be Mr. Edward Timmerman, who was awaiting my arrival, the other party having been unable to meet me. I soon learned that most of the Convention crowd had left town and others remaining were scattered over the city with friends, and to see all would take me a week of trolley riding. However, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Timmerman their home was placed at my disposal and their genial hospitality decided me to remain there overnight. Here I also met Miss Mary Carroll, of Buffalo, a young lady from Toronto, Canada, two others whose names have escaped me, and Messrs. "Northwind" and Bromwich. The latter was still arguing the merits of the manual method that Sunday morning, not being content with his calling down at the convention, but he forgot that the shadow of a Combined system enthusiast was cast on the wall, and he had his hands full defending himself from the shadow's thrust.

Through the kindness of my hosts, I was enabled to visit Sea (Lake) Breeze that day. It was a terrible breeze that confronted me when I attempted in the evening to leave the breeze to Lake Ontario and tackle a trolley car (one, mind you) on which 5,000 other people also hoped to gain a footing. But as 4,800 got left that time, I'll end the story.

Here I also visited Point Pleasant, on Irondequoit Bay, where the Black Gill Club have their new club house. Some of the convention crowd were here, and many new acquaintances were made. Some however, were out on the lake in boats, and my limited stay did not permit of meeting them. Mr. Breithaupt acted as guide, philosopher and friend. The Black Gill Club has a substantial two-story frame house, but it is not entirely completed. On the ground floor is the cellar and store rooms; the first story has the reception and dining rooms, with the pantry and kitchen in the rear. A wide piazza is in front with steps leading to the beach. These rooms are furnished and some humorous pictures of frogs using the sign language, executed by Mr. Sam De Young, in colored crayons, stand out prominently. All of the beams in the various rooms will be boarded over with Georgia Pine in the Fall and will add greatly to their appearance. The second floor is laid out as a sleeping dormitory containing twelve single iron folding beds, and two rooms are partitioned off for use of married couples. There is a small balcony from the dormitory, in front, and the name of the club is executed on a sign board in gold and black. At present the club has but one row boat, but in the fall they will have two more, and are talking of purchasing a launch. The Club does not worry about its meals for, by rising with the sun, and with an eight-ounce pole, reel swivel and spoon, they land enough fish to last two days, and these are rock perch, black bass, pickerel and occasionally a muskalonge ("Muskie") grabs their "bait" and the fight is on for half an hour to three hours. At Point Pleasant I saw a tug-of-war between a man in a boat and some sort of the finny tribe. Oh me! and I had left my tackle at home. The Black Gills will paint their new house in the fall, and at present have twelve members, the Messrs. Geo. Brown, President; Leo. Knittel, Vice-President; Chas. Ziegler, Secretary; Chas. Gibbs, Financial Secretary; Fred. House, Treasurer; and Chas. Critchley, Jacob Breithaupt, Samuel Bliss, Samuel De Young, Wm. Gibbs, Clifford Peterson, Henry Kimmel and Pat. Donangue. The Club gives its third annual masquerade ball on Thanksgiving eve next. The members were assiduous in their attentions, and because I was a follower of Isaak Walton, they were interested. While I was telling a fishy story, one of the members nailed a "kissing bug" that was hovering about the fair ones on the piazza. It was the first of the species I had ever seen, though I had read much of the insect. I did not but wonder that every one that got a "kiss" from such a vicious looking pair of tongs that projected from its head did not succumb sooner than from the bite of a rattler. Miss Annie Kennedy, a former Fanwoodite, was there, while all the others were from Rochester, except Mr. Stevens, who hailed from Indiana, and who is related by marriage to Rev. Mr. Dantzer.

A sail on the Irondequoit river and bay ended the afternoon's outing, but that 5,000 strong charge for the trolley car still haunts me. On arrival in Rochester I met Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Weil, of Buffalo, Miss Manning and another young lady, also of Buffalo. They had been to a pleasure resort and were returning home. Miss Manning is one of Rochester's shining lights and had she completed the course at the school with Gallaudet as a wind up, would be one of the most prominent young ladies in the country. The Rochester deaf use the manual alphabet exclusively and fire the letters with the rapidity of a Gatling gun, but a Fanwoodite like me never gets left. I forgot the first time being and what they made sauce for the goose also proved sauce for the gander, and into the bargain I had signs and lip-reading as reserve "ends." There's no place like Fanwood, she's always in the van! The Rochesterians speak of Fanwood as a sign school. Oh, my, how rudely their claims were shattered with a single illustration of one educated by the Combined System. There is no wit or repartee, nor very little expression put into the continual spelling, without the force of syllables, emphasis, exclamation or exultation, so visible in the language of the deaf where the alphabet and signs are used in a combined way.

Monday morning I took leave of my kind host and hostess and started westward, stopping off at Buffalo for an hour. Approaching Buffalo I wondered if we had struck the Chicago stock-yards. The knowing tourists were supplied with snuff boxes, but a greenback like me had to resort to handkerchief and a cabbage-leaf purchased in Rochester, advertised as clear Havana.

My next stop was at Niagara Falls. What a grand sight it is, beyond the power of any "human being" to describe. The falls, the rapids, the gorge, the rugged cliffs, the suspension bridges, the monuments (erected to whom I had not time to discover) all impressed me as simply grand.

> "Pilgrim, I too, came to tender my token of homage
> I, too, once stood by thy wooded shores, my heart filled with wonder,
> I, too, would render some gift, some tribute of harp and of harp strings,
> But, 'neath thy ponderous roar, my shepherds flute was o'ermastered."

Arriving at Lewistown, there was the far-stretching and beautiful Niagara River, as calm and the waters as smooth as a pane of glass. Barely a ripple passed over, and there wasn't enough breeze to tickle my whiskers. The "Chippewa," a side-wheel steel steamer of the kind that plies between New York and coast resorts beyond the Potomac, except for the wheels, conveyed me up the Niagara river and out on to the beautiful Lake Ontario, and at times land was not to be seen on either side. Myriads of sea gulls followed in the wake of the steamer and it was interesting to watch the tourists feed them from their lunch boxes. Now and then there was a terrible fight between a score of them over some choice morsel of food thrown into the water. This sail was also grand and the Lake was very smooth, not a bit of "sea" sickness on board. An uniformed gentleman with "Canadian Customs" in gold letters on his cap touched me on the shoulder and pointed to my dress suit case. I had it opened in a jiffy, and he turned over an outing shirt and wrote: 'Anything else in there?" I knew there were plenty of other things in that bag, for it seemed like hauling a ton of coal to carry it three blocks, but catching his remarks to mean "goods," I instinctively said "No." That's honest, too, for I had no green goods. He put a letter "H" in crayon on the cover and departed.

Toronto, Canada, was reached in due time. This city is beautiful and quiet. Although a large city, the hustle and bustle characteristic of New York is absent. It is very clean, and while trolley cars fly here and there, there are also the stages, bus', carriages and hansoms, so much in evidence in London. The fare is exceptionally low, and everything is so truly English. Even in the suburbs there are the thatched cottages, vine-covered, which are so famous in England. The architecture of the building outlines closely resembles those of England, and the people are of a kindly and generous nature. Along the shores of the Lake are many pleasure resorts and the bathing is excellent Numerous excursion steamers leave for various ports, and I shall take in most of these before leaving Toronto. Toronto University is one of the most beautiful sights, and other buildings belonging to the Realm are in keeping with the great power that rules Canada. The King's Royal Dragoons exhibit here next week, but I regret not being able to witness this famous guard exhibit at the Provincial Fair on the 26th. The police here wear white helmets, with a "string" under their noses, blue trousers with a red stripe, and blue army officer's coat. Those in higher rank, such as roundsmen, wear the same uniform except that the trousers are white duck instead of blue cloth. They carry merely "day sticks." They are conspicuous for blocks off, and are very obliging to strangers. There are no postmen. All mail collections and deliveries are made by Royal Mail wagons.

I am kept busy passing off Canadian quarters, dimes and half-dimes, for if I don't rid myself of them before I leave this Province of King Edward VII, I'll have a pocketful of them to bring home as souvenirs. United States money is acceptable in Toronto.

This city is an ideal place to spend at least a week of one's summer holiday. A grand view of the city of Toronto is to be seen from the Parliament Buildings, and the architecture outlines are beautiful, to say nothing of the grand towering of steeples of the many and magnificent churches, for most buildings are of the gothic order in formation, while to the south stretches for many miles the blue and sparkling waters of Lake Ontario, over which steamers and large sailing vessels glide, and on the horizon can be seen the smoke of incoming and outgoing steamers.

The Parliament Buildings themselves are beautiful masterpieces of architecture, while around the grounds are numerous and beautiful flower beds and winding walks, dotted here and there with noted Canadian parliamentarians. Next to these in grandeur are the New Municipal and County Buildings, near which I am stopping. Standing side by side are St. James' Cathedral and the Metropolitan Methodist Church on Bond Street, and two more magnificent edifices of worship it would be hard to find.

Osgood Hall, University of Toronto, with its adjacent buildings, such as the library and museum, Knox College, Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Trinity University, Baptist College and Upper Canada College are the prominent seats of learning, and to attempt to describe them one by one would be a hard task, and they must be seen to be fully appreciated, as should also be seen the Exposition Building, the Armories, Provincial Asylum and the beautiful Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

The parks about Toronto are many, but chief are the Queen's Park and High Park. In the former park stands the Volunteer Monument, as beautiful a piece of marble and figures as ever I set eyes on. The fence around the monument is in itself a curious bit of workmanship, being composed mainly of cross-swords and rifles alternately, and are kept highly polished. Under each picket of three guns repose five cannon balls. The parks are full of grand and stately trees, the oak, birch, fir, evergreen and spruce predominanting, while the most beautiful street is Jarvis Street. It is lined with magnificent residences, the architecture of which is something not to be seen in New York. The stately homes of the wealthy on Fifth Avenue do not compare with these in location and surroundings.

And now may I revert to the people. Toronto is a great industrial center and yet the people are entirely void of that hustle and bustle so characteristic of New York, although as much is accomplished without rushing things. The people are robust and for the most part dark of complexion. Here there exists that species of Canadian beauty in its women that can be found only in Canada. Here the dark-eyed, auburn hair and copper tinted complexioned women reign supreme, and next to her sister with dark hair, deep blue eyes and golden brown complexion, all as lively of step and jolly as larks. One from the East cannot fail to notice these characteristics in the women, while as for the men, they are English in looks and acts to the letter. They are cordial and respectful, and in my five days' sojourn here I have not seen a single drunken man on the streets or in any public house. There's nothing doing in Toronto when John Barleycorn is mentioned, and the drinking places are very few and far between.

One of the novelties are the street cars, so different from those in New York, yet they run more smoothly. The conductor carries about with a fare box, into which you drop your fare. If you haven't the exact coin you must let the conductor change your money. He is not allowed to handle money otherwise. After each fare is in, he pushes a button near the handle and it falls beneath the glass sidings. This does away with registering machines and inspectors, and it is impossible for the conductor to knock down fares.

The police are fine-looking in their dark blue suit and red stripes, with pure white helmets, but not like the style used in New York. They lead a happy and easy-going life, and seem to have nothing to do but direct strangers, who, seeking information, easily spy the police from their conspicuous helmets.

It is amusing to see the newsboys jingling loads of Canada one and two-cent pieces in their hands. These coins are half as large as the American half-dollar. They are used to carrying these "loads," but imagine Americans having to cart around a pocketful of these Canadian coins.

Toronto teems with restaurants, and each of them has the same system of serving meals. In a course meal the waitresses (there are no men waiters in town) ask what soup, entree, roast and dessert at the beginning, and serve the whole dinner at one time, (one trip from the kitchens), and the roast is cold before you reach for it. But the food is good, and the roast is enough to supply three persons. With meat and pudding they are most liberal, after the well-known saying, "Puddin' and beef make Britons fight."

Toronto is bicycle crazy. Half the business, half the shopping and most of the pleasure is from wheeling. The streets are always alive with bicyclists, dodging in and out among the busy throngs crossing the streets.

Lacrosse, cricket and baseball are daily attractions at the parks, and it is interesting to watch a dozen cricket elevens bowling on the level green.

From Toronto, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, a ride of 80 miles through immense farms, the harvest time being just now, is interesting. Acres upon acres of wheat, barley, corn, buckwheat, etc., fly by, while on the ranges herds of cattle and sheep fully attest the live stock value of Canada. From Newcastle (not carrying coals to Newcastle) I return to Toronto, and leave immediately on arrival for Niagara Falls and then a stop over in Buffalo, after which I start for home, which I reach on August 28th, and I am sure the trip will amply repay me for the trouble taken and expense. To those on a vacation with stop-over tickets between New York and Toronto, I will say they are the luckiest of pleasure seekers.

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